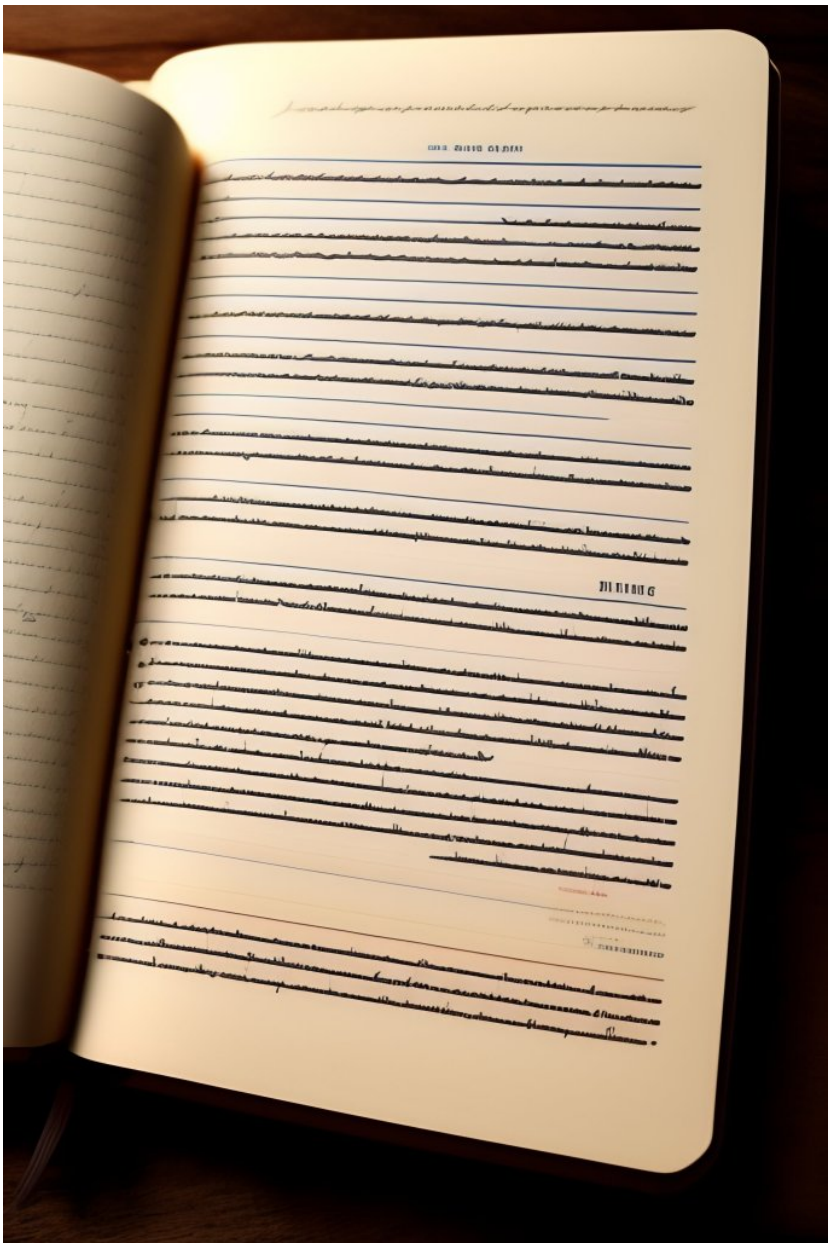
Chronicles of Reflection: Me and My Personal Diary during VBM School.

thelifeofmine3.wordpress.com/2022/01/10/vbm-school/

January 9, 2022

Navigating Aspirations, Exams, and Personal Values in Higher Secondary Education:



In my higher secondary education, I made the decision to join the computer science group, although my aspiration was to become a fashion designer. I had a strong focus on my exams, class tests, revision exams, and practical's, constantly praying for good grades. I would often have conversations with God, treating Him as my friend, sharing about my classes and grades. This connection made me feel that life was fantastic, even though I couldn't walk. My life was becoming increasingly interesting and fulfilling in its own way☺.

During my SSLC (Secondary School Leaving Certificate) exams, I had a good experience. However, there were moments when I felt uncomfortable and unhappy when I was alone in class, and on those rare occasions, I would cry. I chose to hide these emotions from my parents and friends because I didn't want them to feel bad.

On the last day of that year, I reflected on who I was and who I wanted to be. Throughout my life, I have always had a singular goal that I hope to achieve someday. I desired to be honest with my parents and share my thoughts and experiences with them, just as I do in my prayers. While my parents believed that I didn't fully understand what was right or wrong at my age, I actually had a sense of discernment and learned from my experiences.

My parents would often advise me to stay away from friends who had love relationships at such a young age. However, I aware that the feelings of simply infatuations, and it was a normal part of growing up. I acknowledge that I may not be able to explain everything to them, but I understand the difference between right and wrong😌.

Even though I had friends who engaged in activities like drinking, smoking, and being in relationships, I managed to maintain my own boundaries and stay safe. My parents were never against me having friendships with boys, but they also made sure I had other options. They never imposed strict rules on me, and I was aware of my own limitations.

It is important to recognize that engaging in certain behaviors at a young age, such as drinking, smoking, or being in relationships, is not appropriate. However, harboring hatred or resentment towards others will not change their actions. Instead, it is crucial to make responsible choices for oneself and maintain a sense of self-awareness.

"It is necessary to experience both the good and the bad, but do not become addicted to anything…"

Facing the Challenges of Upcoming Public Exams and Staying True to Values:

On 7-1-12, my thoughts were consumed by the upcoming public exams. I was filled with uncertainty, unsure of what the future held for me and whether I would achieve good grades. I worried about how others would perceive me if I didn't perform well. Would they blame me for any difficulties my parents faced and discourage me from striving for success? These concerns weighed heavily on my mind, leaving me uncertain about every passing moment.

However, deep down, I had a sense that I would lead a happy life. Despite any doubts or insecurities I may have had, one thing remained certain—I would never betray my parents by cheating on them. I took pride in the fact that I had never been involved in a romantic relationship like some of my peers, and I was determined to stay true to my values and commitments.

In my life, I found a deep admiration and gratitude for the life I have been given. I express my heartfelt thanks to God for the blessings I have received. Even though my parents may not fully comprehend the depth of my appreciation for this life, it is something truly special to me. Some may wonder what is so extraordinary about cherishing life in this way.

Despite my current situation, where I am unable to walk, I am surrounded by immense love and support from people. This love surpasses what many individuals who can walk may not experience. It is not to say that I will never walk again, as only God knows what the future holds. However, there have been moments when I have woken up in tears, yearning to regain the ability to walk. I am aware that my parents carry a hidden pain behind their smiles when they speak about me to others.

In the darkest moments, I may have even contemplated the idea of suicide. However, the love and concern I have for my parents prevented me from taking such a drastic step. Their well-being and happiness are of utmost importance to me☺.I can sense the immense weight and complexity of emotions that periappa have been carrying within him.

It is understandable that witnessing the loss of my cousin Epshipha has had a profound impact on him, deepening my desire to protect my parents from experiencing a similar pain. The thought of taking my own life is a heavy burden to bear, but my love for my parents and my belief in God have prevented me from acting upon it.

Carrying the Burden of Worries and Hiding My True Self:

I have been shouldering my worries and tears, confiding them only in God. The fear of burdening my parents with my struggles has led me to keep me emotions to myself. In an attempt to alter people's perception of mine, i have become talkative and sociable, hiding my true self behind this altered persona. I had wished to have died in the accident rather than endure the challenges i face then.

My faith in God has been a constant source of hope and strength. Despite the hardships, I have held on to the belief that God has a purpose for my life. While I deepest desire may be to walk like other girls, I have been unable to express it openly. Instead, I share my aspirations of becoming a fashion designer.

My home 🏡 holds a special place in my heart as it has witnessed both my joyous and sorrowful moments. Within my family, I was known as the happiest person despite my physical disability, as I have developed the mental fortitude to face life's challenges.

My mother always says me to acknowledge that there are others who may face even greater struggles, but comparing myself to my surroundings has brought feelings of despair.

The stares and judgment from people when they notice my leg intensify my emotional turmoil. Being carried to school by my father brought about negative emotions within me. I felt ashamed and embarrassed of my situation, causing me both physical and emotional pain. I pleaded with God, hoping for the ability to walk or the strength to put an end to my life.

The hurtful comments made by even the younger children at school, who referred to my legs as broken, deeply affected me. It had a profound impact on my well-being. All I longed for was the comfort of crying in my mother's embrace, but I was unable to do so. My anger intensified, and I found myself teetering on the edge of despair.

Rather than perceiving my condition as a disability, I often viewed it as a disease. I never desired to rely on a calliper or wheelchair; instead, my utmost wish was to be able to walk independently. I yearned for a divine message from God, either guiding me to have unwavering faith in my ability to walk or accepting the reality that walking may not be possible for me. I constantly sought an explanation or reassurance from a higher power.

The Supportive Environment Among My Classmates:
At times, I struggled with the perception that everyone around me shared the same challenges I faced. This physical limitation influenced my behavior, particularly during menstruation and hormonal changes. Despite this, I believed that others perceived me as they wished, oblivious to my disability in their interactions with me. Mentally, I strove to consider myself on par with everyone else, feeling a sense of normalcy despite the physical differences.

During conversations with my mother, I sensed her doubts about me and my friend, Prici. It was hurtful, and there was an incident where she insulted my friend, Vithya. It devastated me, and I wished my parents would explicitly tell me not to interact with boys

so that they would believe in me. However, they left it up to my discretion and only shared their concerns when the opportunity arose.

Fortunately, I always felt safe and accepted among my classmates, just as I did at home. They treated me well, without teasing or hurting me, and nobody ever attempted to bring me down.

Fond Memories and Gratitude for School Life:

Jagadeesh was one of my close friends at school, and I had a list of people I didn't want to lose contact with after completing tenth grade, including Koti, Jagadeesh, Babitha, Dinakar, Mythili, and Lakshmi. I didn't want to miss out on any of them, and I felt that my school life was enriched by the presence of those 28 classmates🥰.

I expressed gratitude to God for my parents, as I realized they were the reason for my existence. I also cherished my school and classmates, who never treated me differently or looked at me with a sense of otherness. There was one exceptional male teacher, Krishanappa Sir, who had a profound impact on me. He always praised and encouraged my diagrams for science. I still cherish the diagrams he commended with a "very good" and the drawing he made for me with the name "Krishnan."💛

One of my fondest memories from tenth grade was going to the studio with our school bus, accompanied by my father. I also remember our first lab session, the practices for the farewell day, sports competitions with juniors, our class activities, the school stage, unit exams, revision exams, term exams, quarterly exams, and half-yearly exams. We also had a class pooja and celebrated the last day by splashing colors. The memories are filled with elements like our uniforms, blazers, ties, friends, carrying mobile phones to school, special classes, practical, and even the "gasa gasa" fruit. The list goes on, reminding me of the wonderful experiences I had during my time in school🤩.

SCHOOL MEMORIES

"Within the pages of my personal diary, the story of my VBM School journey unfolds, capturing the essence of growth, dreams, and cherished memories."